

MARY TOM

MARY HARTMAN MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE AIR #188

A
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PRODUCTION

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------|
| MARY | LOUISE LASSER |
| TOM | GREG MULLAVEY |
| MARTHA | DODY GOODMAN |
| CATHY | DEBRALEE SCOTT |
| GRANDPA | VICTOR KILIAN |
| HEATHER | CLAUDIA LAMB |
| MRS. DELOREAN | IRIS KORN |
| MERLE JEETER | DABNEY COLEMAN |
| PAT GIMBLE | SUSAN BROWNING |
| LITTLE GARTH | ERIC SHEA |
| GARTH GIMBLE | MARTIN MULL |
| DETECTIVE H.V. JOHNSON | RON FEINBERG |
| PROSTITUTES | |

SETS

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POLICE STATION - NIGHT
(VTR #194, Act I)
(Martha, H.V., Prostitutes)

ACT II
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GIMBLE LIVING ROOM - EVENING
(New Scene)
(Pat, Garth)

ACT III
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MARY'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING
(VTR #192, Act IV)
(Heather, Little Garth)

ACT IV
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MARY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING
(VTR #191, Act IV)
(Mary, Tom, Heather, Cathy,
Martha, Grandpa)

ACT ONEPOLICE STATION, NIGHT

MARTHA AND DETECTIVE H.V. JOHNSON
SIT ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER AT HIS
DESK.

A LINE-UP OF PROSTITUTES SITS
AGAINST THE WALL -- WAITING TO
BE BOOKED FROM THE BIG HONEY
BUST.

MARTHA

That was so manly, H.V. Busting all
those prostitutes.

JOHNSON

All in the line of duty.

MARTHA

H.V. -- all this talk about prostitution
and "the life" has made me think of my
own life -- and I don't want to wind up
a lonely old lady like that Big Mrs.
Delorean Honey with no one to comfort me
and no one to care.

JOHNSON

I'll be here, Martha.

MARTHA

Oh, H.V., I wish we didn't have to wait
seven years just because I'm legally
married to George.

JOHNSON

Well, while that may be true, we in fact don't have to wait seven years to... you know.

MARTHA

Oh. (BEAT) Well, we don't.

JOHNSON

(OBVIOUSLY UNAWARE OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF WHAT SHE SAID; GOING ON AS IF SHE HAD NOT SPOKEN) I know you are a highly moral woman, Martha, and I respect you for that. But I love you, and I wish we did not have to wait.

MARTHA

We don't, H.V.

JOHNSON

(AS BEFORE) I dream every night of holding you in my arms, and... (SUDDENLY IT HITS HIM) We don't??? We don't have to wait seven years to... you-know?

MARTHA

No, H.V. We don't.

JOHNSON

You mean we can be -- lovers?

MARTHA

Isn't that sophisticated? I sound like Susan Hayward in "Back Street". She was a redhead, too, you know.

JOHNSON

When, Martha, when?

MARTHA

Now, H.V., now.

JOHNSON

(LOOKING AROUND) Well, I'm still on duty,
but maybe we could find --

ONE OF THE CALL GIRLS -- SHY,
MOUSY, AND WHINING -- APPROACHES
H.V.

GIRL

I wanna call my mother in Columbus. It's
her birthday.

JOHNSON

You are allowed one phone call, ma'am --
right over there.

GIRL EXITS.

MARTHA

Why don't I wait until you're off-duty,
then we can go home.

JOHNSON

(FALTERING) Martha, this is so sudden.

MARTHA

Sudden? You've been asking me for weeks.

JOHNSON

I know, but...

MARTHA

But what?

JOHNSON

It's still very sudden.

MARTHA

You mean you don't want to?

JOHNSON

Oh, no -- it isn't that.

MARTHA

Then what? Have you lost respect for me because I said yes.

JOHNSON

No, Martha, of course not. I respect you as much as I respect my mother and my pledge to the Fernwood police department and the flag of the United States.

GIRL

(APPROACHING) The line is busy. I can't get through.

JOHNSON

Just keep dialing. Or try the operator.

GIRL EXITS.

MARTHA

Then why not tonight? I don't usually do this -- but, H.V., I'm tired of waiting. I want to live!

JOHNSON

Well... I don't exactly know how to say this... I mean it is very embarrassing.

MARTHA

Not so much with the lights off.

JOHNSON

Martha -- there's something you have to know.

MARTHA

What?

JOHNSON

I... I haven't ^{been with} ~~had~~ a woman since I was
twenty-six years old.

MARTHA

Since you were twenty-six? Were you
abstaining?

JOHNSON

Well, yes. She was twenty-four. We were
in police school together. She was the
^{woman I was never with} ~~first I ever~~ had. And the last.

MARTHA

Why? Didn't you like it?

GIRL

(TO H.V. AGAIN) My mother's not home.
She's never home. I'm not this kind of
girl, really, I just want you to know I
do it for my mother.

JOHNSON

(UNCOMFORTABLE NOW) I'm sure she's grateful.

GIRL

(TEARY) Nobody cares... (SHE EXITS)

MARTHA

Oh, dear...

JOHNSON

She was a lovely little thing. Blonde.
Delicate. Petite. Sybil Croenshtadt.
Not five feet tall.

MARTHA

In the police academy?

JOHNSON

Undercover training. Much like you. I was twenty-six and weighed 274 pounds -- dry. And I loved her very much, Martha. When she said yes it was the most beautiful thing that ever happened to me. Her parents were away for the weekend and I was a little nervous because I was twenty-six and most of my friends had already... if you know what I mean --

MARTHA

Oh, H.V.

JOHNSON

So I drank a little wine which I wasn't used to drinking and we started to make love, but it must've been the wine that did it because I passed out right after that and fell off my elbows -- 274 pounds of me lying there for I don't know how long. When I woke up I pushed myself up on my arms and looked straight down at her and Sybil had been -- smothered -- suffocated -- a clear case of involuntary womanslaughter.

MARTHA

H.V. -- and you in the police academy.

JOHNSON

That almost took away my shield for that and I've been afraid of women ever since --

(MORE)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

-- much as I want them -- and that's the whole truth, Martha.

MARTHA

But, H.V., does that mean we can never get there again?

JOHNSON

I don't ever want to hurt you.

MARTHA

What if we find some way to prop you up so you'll stay up. Or what if --

JOHNSON

(INTERRUPTS) Martha, I've been seeing the police psychologist for years. We've tried everything.

MARTHA

Then I suppose this will have to be goodbye.

JOHNSON

But the psychologist believes there will be a breakthrough soon.

MARTHA

H.V., I'm very fond of you, but maybe we're just not meant for each other. I need someone like George who's strong and stable as a rock. I get too confused on my own.

JOHNSON

But, Martha...

MARTHA

Don't you worry, H.V. Maybe you should patrol tall girl shops or computer match dating -- you'll find somebody to suit your size. If I wait too long I'll forget what I've been missing. Just like Maureen Stapleton in "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom" -- I want to waltz through life, not just fox trot. Goodbye, H.V.

JOHNSON

Goodbye, Martha. I won't forget you.

MARTHA

I wish I could be like Mae West and say "come up and see me sometime" but no, I'll just say happy hunting and so long, copper.

SHE EXITS. H.V. STARES AFTER HER.
AND WE:

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOGIMBLE LIVING ROOM, EVENING

CHRISTMAS CAROLS PLAY ON THE STEREO
AS PAT BUSILY HANGS CHRISTMAS
DECORATIONS -- GARLANDS, STOCKINGS,
CARDS -- CHEERFULLY SINGING ALONG
WITH JINGLE BELLS.

PAT

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all
the way. Oh what fun it is to ride in
a one horse open sleigh!

GARTH ENTERS IN "BLUE-COLLAR" SHIRT
AND JACKET, ARMS FULL OF PACKAGES.

GARTH

Patty? Didn't you hear me calling you
to open the door?

PAT

Oh, Garth, hello sweetheart.

GARTH

Well? You just gonna stand there? Help
me with these packages.

PAT

(TAKING THEM, PLACING THEM ON COUCH)

You've been shopping.

GARTH

Brilliant deduction, kiddo. Somebody's
got to prepare for Christmas around here.

SHE TAKES OFF HIS COAT.

GARTH (CONT'D)

You know I always come through -- right?
I always save the day. The boots, kiddo,
the boots.

SHE ALSO TAKES THEM OFF.

GARTH (CONT'D)

What's all this racket? Can't a man
come home to peace and quiet, hunh?
Hunh? Turn it off, would ya?

PAT

(TURNS OFF STEREO) Yes, Garth.

GARTH

(PLOPPING ON COUCH) This place looks
awful.

PAT

Oh, but I'm not finished yet. The
garland's only half up and it's still
a little messy, but --

GARTH

Terrible, Patty. Tinsel town, that's
what it is. Cold and ugly. Christmas
is supposed to be warm and cozy and
you've made it all look cheap.

PAT

I'm sorry, Garth, I --

GARTH

That's alright. It's three days before Christmas -- I forgive you. I have had the worst day -- the absolute worst day of my life at that plant -- but like a real trooper here I am with Christmas presents and Christmas cheer to spread all over the place. Now sit down over there. I have a little surprise for you, a sort of pre-Christmas present but I think it's something you're really going to like, so I want to give it to you now.

PAT

Oh, Garth, I have a little surprise for you, too.

GARTH

All right, now close your eyes, here's mine. (HE HANDS HER A LARGE, WRAPPED PRESENT)

PAT

Garth, it's so big. (PULLS OUT A SMALL, WRAPPED GIFT) Here's mine.

THEY STARE AT THEIR PRESENTS A BEAT, AT EACH OTHER A BEAT, PAT BEAMING AT GARTH.

PAT

(FOR ONCE SO HAPPY) Oh, Garth, this is so wonderful.

GARTH

It isn't much. But you deserve it.

PAT EAGERLY OPENS HER PRESENT.
HER FACE FALLS TEN FEET. IT'S
A MOP AND PAIL.

PAT

Just -- what -- I wanted.

GARTH

You like it? Green and yellow? I knew
you could use it if I gave it to you
early.

PAT

(LYING) Oh yes, yes.

GARTH

(WITH DISDAIN) What's in here -- a watch?

PAT

You said you needed a watch!

GARTH

At Christmas you're supposed to surprise
someone, Patty. Not give them what they
expected all along.

GARTH DOESN'T EVEN BOTHER OPENING
THE GIFT.

GARTH

Now here's the something I got for Little
Garth. Where is he?

PAT

Next door at the Hartmans.

GARTH

Good. (TAKES OUT ANOTHER PACKAGE)

PAT

What is it?

GARTH

It took a lot of hunting but... (UNWRAPS IT, HOLDS UP A RUBBER SHEET WITH A BELL)
It's called a tinkle sheet. Rubber with a bell attachment so whenever Little Garth does you-know on the sheet the little bell tinkles for all the world to hear.

PAT

(HORRIFIED) Garth, how could you?

GARTH

Easy. They had them at the Federated.

PAT

Garth, that's torture!

GARTH EXPLODES; PAT BACKS AWAY
AS HE FOLLOWS, SLOWLY.

GARTH

You want to know about torture, Pat? I just spent eight hours being tortured at that lousy plant -- why, hunh? Tell me why? I never wet the bed, Pat. I spent eight hours screwing in rear view mirrors all day long, tightening screws, one at the left, one at the right, until my brain is screwy -- and for what? Not for my health, Pat, not for my sanity, but for you and that stinking bed-wetting son of yours!

HE PICKS UP SOME CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS AND HURLS THEM AT HER. SHE DUCKS.

PAT

Garth, no, not the angel --

GARTH

(PICKS UP ANGEL, SMASHES IT) You ruin every holiday! You ruin every day! You're no good, Patty. You're bringing me down. I'm warning you --

PAT

Garth, it's Christmas. Christmas. Can't you see me reaching out to you -- trying to love you??

HE SLAPS HER HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

GARTH

NO!!! I can't!!!

PAT RUNS SCREAMING TO THE BEDROOM.
GARTH PROCEEDS TO TEAR APART THE ROOM, THE DECORATIONS, AS:

GARTH (CONT'D)

You're a crying, whining, baby! How can a man love that, hunh? Answer me that? You're a burden... I hate Christmas, I hate this life -- I -- (HE SINKS TO THE COUCH, HEAD IN HANDS, THEN PERKS UP AND YELLS) I'm gonna get you for this, Patty. Get out here and clean up this mess -- (HE RUNS TO BEDROOM, POUNDS ON THE DOOR)

AS WE:

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEMARY'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

HEATHER IS MAKING TOAST AND
DRINKING A PEPSI. AFTER A
MOMENT THERE IS A KNOCK AT
THE DOOR.

HEATHER

I can't come to the door, I'm cooking.

Come on in.

LITTLE GARTH ENTERS.

LITTLE GARTH

Oh, hi.

HEATHER

Hi.

LITTLE GARTH

I was looking for my mother. Is she here?

HEATHER

Nobody's here but me. You want some
toast?

LITTLE GARTH

No, thanks.

HEATHER

A Pepsi?

LITTLE GARTH

Nothing thanks.

HEATHER

I make good instant coffee.

LITTLE GARTH

I don't like coffee.

HEATHER

So, how do you like Fernwood High?

LITTLE GARTH

It's okay, I guess.

HEATHER

It's full of creeps.

LITTLE GARTH

I know.

HEATHER

Candy Zimmerman is pregnant.

LITTLE GARTH

Who's Candy Zimmerman?

HEATHER

She's a junior. The one with the giant
bazooms and hardly any hair.

LITTLE GARTH

I know the one.

HEATHER

She's so stupid she doesn't even know
about the pill... just like my Aunt Cathy.

LITTLE GARTH

Yeah.

HEATHER

If I was interested in sex at least I'd
know what to do.

LITTLE GARTH

Aren't you interested?

HEATHER

I haven't made up my mind, yet. I mean I'm interested as an observer... I don't know if I'm interested as a joiner.

LITTLE GARTH

I'm really interested as a joiner. It's probably because I'm a little older than you.

HEATHER

Everyone makes such a big deal out of it. I bet it's nothing.

LITTLE GARTH

I think it's probably pretty good.

HEATHER

Sounds like your hormones are acting up.

LITTLE GARTH

I think they probably are.

HEATHER

I thought so.

LITTLE GARTH

How about yours?

HEATHER

Once in a while. But women have better control over their hormones.

LITTLE GARTH

That's what I heard.

HEATHER

I'm not sure it's true. I mean, sometimes I think it's just a thing that women made up so they come off better than men.

LITTLE GARTH

I think they probably are.

HEATHER

Better?

LITTLE GARTH

Yeah.

HEATHER

I don't know. You sure you don't want a Pepsi?

LITTLE GARTH

Positive. Do you like to dance?

HEATHER

Yeah, but mostly with my girlfriend Trudy.

LITTLE GARTH

You want to go to a dance with me?

HEATHER

You mean a date?

LITTLE GARTH

Yeah. A dance at school.

HEATHER

I guess. Are you going to try to make out with me?

LITTLE GARTH

Probably not. But maybe.

HEATHER

Okay.

THE PHONE RINGS AND HEATHER
ANSWERS IT.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hello... No, she's out. She went shopping
with my grandmother. Who?... Grandpa?...
You mean Grandpa Larkin?... My grandpa!
You don't sound like my grandpa... Are you
sure? I love you, Granpa, why don't you
come home? Everybody's been looking for
you. Where've you been?... You're coming
home when?... I can't hear you... What?...
Talk louder, I can't hear what you're
saying... When are you coming home?...
Grandpa... Hello?... Grandpa, come back...
Hello?...

LITTLE GARTH

That was your grandfather?

HEATHER

It didn't sound like him but he said he
was. And he said he was coming home but
I couldn't understand when...

SLOW FADE.

ACT FOURMARY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MARY, HEATHER, MARTHA, CATHY AND
GRANDPA. THE WOMEN ARE WRAPPING
GIFTS.

MARY

I read an article in a magazine that said
Jesus was really born sometime in March.

HEATHER

Then why do we celebrate Christmas in
December?

MARTHA

Silly, if we didn't celebrate it in
December, how else would we have a
white Christmas?

CATHY

Mary, where's Tom?

MARY

I don't know!

GRANDPA

It's a good thing he's not drinking any
more. Did you know that more people get
drunk and more people commit suicide at
Christmas time than any other time of
the year?

MARY

Tom said he was coming home right after work. Anyone want coffee?

GRANDPA

Mary, you got any tuna fish?

TOM ENTERS SINGING.

TOM

Deck the halls with boughs of Holly...

MARY

Tom, I was getting worried. What happened to you?

TOM

I had to pick up a few little surprises. Hidden in one pocket or another, is a present for everyone in the room. Oh, it's not a Christmas present... it's a five day before Christmas present.

EVERYONE REACTS.

MARY

Five days before Christmas! Are you starting a new tradition?

TOM

Heather, I don't have a present for you in my pocket. Yours is on the back seat of the car.

HEATHER

What is it?

TOM

See for yourself.

HEATHER RACES OUT THE DOOR.

TOM (CONT'D)

And for my beautiful wife...

HE TAKES AN ENVELOPE OUT OF HIS
POCKET AND HANDS IT TO HER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Merry five-days-before-Christmas.

HE KISSES MARY.

MARY

Oh, Tom, this is so nice... an envelope.
You are so sweet and thoughtful. Oh,
Tom! I don't believe it! Of all the
things in the world, this is something
I never expected.

MARTHA

What is it?

CATHY

Hurry up and tell us. The suspense is
killing me.

MARY

Next Wednesday, between 8:00 A.M. and
5:00 P.M., Sears is going to deliver a
13 cubic foot freezer.

EVERYONE REACTS.

TOM

Nothing but the best.

MARY

I don't think there's room in the kitchen!

TOM

Don't worry about it.

TOM TAKES A SMALL GIFT BOX FROM
HIS INSIDE POCKET.

TOM

Ma, here you go.

MARTHA

Oh, thank you, Tom. They say good things come in small packages. (SHE OPENS THE BOX) Oh, my! It's just beautiful. A rhinestone heart just like Arlene Francis wears all the time.

TOM

Those aren't rhinestones! They're diamond chips.

MARY

Oh, Ma! Real diamond chips!

MARTHA

I can't go around wearing real diamond chips! Somebody will mug me.

ANOTHER ENVELOPE COMES OUT OF HIS POCKET.

TOM

Okay, Cathy, it's your turn.

CATHY

Tom, this is really nice of you.

MARY

(WORRIED) This is very generous of you, Tom. Truly, extravagantly generous of you... if you know what I mean.

CATHY

A gift certificate for fifty dollars for the 'Lady in Waiting Shop'. (LESS THAN HAPPY) Thanks a lot!!

HEATHER BURSTS IN THE DOOR.

HEATHER

A new T.V.!!! A new color T.V.!!!

TOM

And it's all for you, Heather. For your room.

MARY

Tom, that's so generous. Unnecessarily... extravagantly... foolishly... generous!! Don't you think?

HEATHER

That means I can't keep it, huh, Ma.

TOM

No, it's yours. Your mother is just afraid to enjoy the good things in life.

MARY

I'm not! Honestly, I'm not afraid to enjoy the good things. What does cross my mind, however, is paying for the good things. Does that ever cross your mind, Tom?

TOM

(IGNORING HER) And, Grandpa, last but not least...

TOM TAKES ANOTHER BOX OUT OF HIS INSIDE POCKET.

GRANDPA

I hope it's not another rhinestone heart. I don't have anything to wear it with.

TOM

You'll be able to wear this.

GRANDPA

(OPENS THE PACKAGE) A watch! A real beauty, too!

TOM

Shockproof and waterproof.

GRANDPA

Waterproof, huh! I'll think of you every time I go skin diving.

CATHY

Let me see that watch, Grandpa. I'll trade my gift certificate for it.

ALL BUT MARY AND TOM LOOK AT THE GIFTS.

TOM

Mary, come over here.

HE TAKES HER AWAY FROM THE REST.

TOM (CONT'D)

The best part is for last. Today, I looked at a house in Fernwood Heights.

MARY

Fernwood Heights!! Are you crazy?

TOM

You're going to love it. Mary, it's got a rumpus room. Can you believe that! Our very own house with a rumpus room!!

MARY

Tom, where is all this money coming from?
This is all very scary.

TOM

Will you stop worrying. Nothing can stop
Tom Hartman now. We're going to have
everything we've ever wanted. From now
on it's going to be Christmas every day.

CLOSEUP OF MARY WHO IS NOT
CONVINCED.

FADE OUT.